

The Grey Channel

The Cadet Regime Part II

CHARLES RYDER

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age

Artwork by 0formant0

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Also by Charles Ryder

“The New Government 1”

(Moderate, non-consensual content)

(34,887 words, rated 5-stars)

“The New Government 2”

(Moderate, non-consensual content)

(35,082 words, rated 5-stars)

“The Director's Downfall”

(Moderate, non-consensual content)

(35,062 words)

“The Humiliation of Catherine Hunter”

(Moderate, non-consensual content)

(35,300 words, rated 5-star)

“The New Government 3”

(Moderate, non-consensual content)

(35,300 words)

“Return to Mainland 1”

(Written jointly with Velvetglove)

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(18,800 words)

“Freya and the Amesbury's”

(Moderate, non-consensual content)

(35,062 words)

“State Orphanage 17”

(Moderate, non-consensual content)

(15,500 words, rated 5-stars)

“Stolen, Book 1”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(16,900 words)

“Return to Mainland 2”

(Written jointly with Velvetglove)

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content, rated 5-stars)

(19,000 words)

“Return to Mainland 3”

(Written jointly with Velvetglove)

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(21,000 words)

“Owner to Office Girl”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(22,000 words)

“Ascendancy”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(104,000 words)

The 3 books of the New Government Trilogy

“Victoriana”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(22,688 words)

“Repurposing Laura”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(25,040 words)

“Prey For Him”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(25,900 words)

“Society of Sadists”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(25,000 words)

“Spanked and Disciplined”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(20,500 words)

“Spanked and Disciplined Again”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(21,000 words)

“Spanking Saves Souls”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(20,000 words)

“Minority Rules”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(17,000 words)

“The Purity Police”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(17,000 words)

“The Humiliation of Naomi Sanderson-Hughes”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(20,000 words)

“The Cadet Regime”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(20,000 words)

“Abigail’s Arab Adventure”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

Prologue

Mark Grey leafed through the white folder on his desk in his opulent office on the top floor of Grey Towers. The founder and co-owner of the Grey Channel was a fairly anonymous man, well-dressed and urbane. He was in his early fifties now but still fit-looking, dark haired with just a touch of silver at the temples. He had no real outstanding features, he wasn't particularly handsome or tall or short. He was just decidedly average in appearance.

However, looks could sometimes be deceptive. Mark Grey was a very intelligent man, a high-flying graduate of Cambridge University. A deep thinker, a computer and AI specialist, a very thorough and organized planner. And one of the wealthiest men in the country. The Grey Channel turned over a phenomenal amount of money and had made him and his fellow entrepreneurs, Vanessa and the twins extremely rich.

And not only had it made them rich, but it had introduced them to all sorts of other wealthy, powerful people and specifically to the men and women who ran the New Government and by extension the country. The New Government had recognized very early on that mass communication disguised as entertainment was key to retain their popularity. Mark had realized at the same time that his idea for a Pay Per View experience of the recently introduced Cadet System would be the perfect propaganda vehicle for such an exercise.

His connections to the twins, their money and their political connections opened several New Government doors and the plan was formed. Mark and his associates would have sole access to the newly established Cadet Service which they would use for state-approved propaganda. And that was how it all started. Photographs and then videos and then drone shots. Each capturing a particular moment of humiliation or shame.

Usually it was some sort of menial, laborious chore. Washing and scrubbing things on their knees seemed to be a favourite judging by the feedback. The feedback had been Mark's idea. First of all it gave people an outlet for the emotion regarding the rightful treatment of traitors as one of the contributors so memorably described the comments section. But second, and more importantly, it helped create a sort of community.

A place where people could not only express their rage, but also their satisfaction. And as Mark soon discovered to his satisfaction where the great unwashed could support a cadet, or more usually heap scorn or mockery on them. Some People discovered their favourites and supported them through thick and thin. The majority of the others discovered their most hated cadet and talked them down at every opportunity. It was like an old-fashioned reality TV show but played out with actual real people rather than actors pretending to be real people.

Mark also discovered that his fan base was a very varied cross-section of the general population. Patriots, students, loyal workers, stay at home mums. Lots of people in fact because the content was given away free. It was soft-edited footage with appropriate, shortened punishments and inspirational, narrated redemption arcs. It had swelling, patriotic music including at times the national anthem. But mainly it showed cadets learning, repenting, thanking the New Government for the opportunity to make things right, to make amends.

Which all served to achieve their purpose very well. There was indoctrination of course, a lot of easily-influenced people watched the Grey Channel and were quite willing to absorb the New Governments trumpeting of its own achievements. There was a certain amount of moral instruction. Naughty young women who were connected to the previous administration were being punished for the sins of their parents or their friends. It didn't really matter who, the fact that they were being punished and being seen to be punished was enough.

The Grey Channel soon became hugely popular with the people and although that was certainly a good thing as far as advertising revenue was concerned, Mark was convinced that there were other ways, which was where the idea of Pay Per View came from. The New Government accepted their percentage of the cut and then it was game on. Tier 2 attracted the wealthier members of the public willing to pay their

monthly subscriptions and included minor officials, the police, teachers, the sort of people who were New Government supporters in some sort of position of authority.

What they got for their money was a lot more uncut punishment scenes, fewer edits and less narration. There was a lot more crying and genuine remorse which was clearly what the views wanted. Once again it was all about seeing justice done but at a more physical level. It also crucially involved audience participation. Members were allowed their own interactions with the channel. Comments were encouraged and not particularly moderated. Discussions about particular punishments and cadet reaction to them were commonplace.

Like on social media, accounts sprung up and rapidly became famous (or infamous in some cases). People had their favourite cadets and rooted for them. Others had cadets who they particularly disliked for whatever reason. Then the Grey Channel started to post pictures and videos posted by the general public. And then it started to pay some of the bigger accounts for their content. In very little time the membership of Tier 2 went up by a factor of ten. Everyone seemed to be watching it; it became a prime-time staple. People discussed the show and its content at work and in pubs, everywhere in fact.

Mark Grey had created a monster which reached far into the British consciousness and psyche on almost every level

Chapter 1

The projector clicked once, whirred faintly, and bathed the classroom in a sterile white light before the Grey Channel insignia resolved into view. The static crest, an angular eye within a triangle, flickered briefly, and then the familiar theme began to play: strings, soft percussion, a voiceover delivered in that calm, clear baritone that had become almost sacred. The anthem of the New Government

“This morning’s broadcast is brought to you by the Department of Correctional Media, in partnership with the Ministry for Civic Education and National Wellness.”

The pupils, uniformed in their grey and navy, turned their faces dutifully to the screen. No one spoke. The room held that particular stillness that only arises from routine, that numb, practised silence of students who’ve learned not to think too much about what they’re about to watch. They weren’t they to discuss the images they were about to see, rather they were there to appreciate them.

Mr Renwick, a man in his late forties with a receding hairline and the look of one who long ago accepted survival over idealism, stood by the door with his hands clasped behind his back. His eyes didn’t leave the screen either, though there was no sense of interest in them. His duty was not to watch but to ensure it was watched. His own personal opinions were neither wanted nor accepted he had come to realise. But he did have a wife and a young family to support.

A new cadet was being introduced. Her name apparently was Freya Hardcastle, and she was the eldest daughter of a well known trades-unionist. She was tall and dark-haired, probably in her early twenties judging from her appearance. The screen showed her standing in the Correctional Facility’s ceremonial courtyard, her uniform of grey shorts, pristine white blouse and tightly tied green and yellow tie was of course completely immaculate, it could hardly have been otherwise. Her hands were clasped in front of her and her chin was trembling.

“Freya came to us after a history of ideological deviation and consistent social noncompliance. But she is now on the path to rehabilitation,” the narrator explained. “Thanks to the kindness of the New Government.”

The camera zoomed in as she slowly knelt. It wasn’t sudden or forceful; clearly the whole thing had been choreographed. Well it was clear to Mr Renwick but perhaps not so clear to his transfixed students. The soft lighting, the slow fade-in of patriotic music, those lingering close-up on her eyes as she looked upwards and said, *“I’m grateful to be given this chance,”* were all very familiar if you’d watch a lot of similar scenes. And Mr Renwick had watched *lots* of similar scenes,

“She’s so brave,” murmured a girl in the middle row. Her voice was low but not embarrassed. Just factual, admiring, as though commenting on an athlete who’d done something particularly well. A few of the others around her nodded in agreement. The screen shifted to a montage of Freya’s “lessons”: physical discipline shown in stylised silhouette, group exercises, pages of text underlined with red ink. There was no violence shown directly. That wasn’t what this tier was for. This was the *virtue* tier, the sort of one that made students proud of the system, not frightened of it.

Renwick had to admit that the whole thing was beautifully done. There was no real overt cruelty although he himself was reality old enough to remember when just the idea of the things he witnessed like this on a daily basis would have been deemed entirely objectionable and unacceptable. He looked around at the faces staring uncritically at the images they were being shown. A brief shot showed Freya thanking her instructors through tears, then shaking the hand of a Senior Overseer with both her hands.

Then the screen faded to black, and a phrase in soft gold lettering,

“Correction is love. Discipline is dignity,”

appeared before the screen dimmed completely. Mr Renwick turned the lights back on and then clapped his hands once to draw the attention back to him.

“All right. Who can explain the purpose of Freya’s reassignment?” he asked.

Hands went up. Automatically. Without thought.

“Yes, Jenna.”

He pointed at a student sat in the middle of the centre row.

“She was given a second chance by the New Government because she rejected her previous beliefs,” said the girl.

“Correct. And what does that show about our leadership?”

“That they care,” said another student.

“That they are forgiving,” added another.

“That they want everyone to do better,” declared a third, enthusiastically.

Mr Renwick nodded slowly, though his gaze had wandered. He looked briefly toward the camera mounted in the top corner of the room. A small red light blinked steadily. It was always recording. All classrooms had cameras in them nowadays. Who knew if he was being watched or not? But then who would be stupid enough to assume that he wasn't? Certainly not anyone with a career and a mortgage to think about.

“You'll be writing an evaluation on this evening. One hundred words on what lesson you took from Freya's example,” he said. “And please remember, clarity, sincerity, and a proper, decent patriotic tone is what I want to hear from you all.”

God forbid that you might have your own interpretations of what we've just seen, he thought mutinously. There was no groaning. Just pencils coming out of pencil cases. Just notebooks being placed flat on desks. That was one bonus of teaching under the New Government anyway, virtually all children in the system were astonishingly well behaved which went some way to explaining how successful the government propaganda had been.

Later in the hallway later, he'd heard two boys laughing over the way Freya's voice cracked during her public apology.

“She sounded like a mouse trying not to cry,” said one.

“Better than last week's, though. That one was boring; they couldn't make her cry no matter what.”

“Even being spanked like that didn't seem to bother her?”

“They always cry in the end.”

“Cause they're guilty.”

“Yeah.”

Neither of them looked remotely angry or thrilled even. It was more just a matter of routine Renwick realised. It was familiar in the same way that the weather was familiar. They didn't discuss the politics of the matter, or the ideology. They didn't think about whether Freya Hardcastle had done anything to deserve it. They just knew it was on every morning. They knew it mattered that they watched. And they knew it made them feel right, and that seemed to be enough.

Chapter 2

Phillip Travis adjusted the volume with one hand and took a long sip of tea from his mug with the other. The Grey Channel's evening showcase had just begun, and already the comments were crawling across the bottom of the screen like ants, some in bold, some highlighted with little gold checkmarks next to usernames. Verified viewers which meant higher engagement scores.

He'd bought the mid-tier subscription a few months ago, when the government issued reward tokens to "consistently compliant citizens." It didn't cost him much, less than what he used to spend on takeaway coffee, before most of the cafés closed or were repurposed as Community Resource Points. Now, this was his nightly ritual. Dinner on a tray, lights dimmed, volume turned well up so as not to miss a thing. Although he could watch and rewind scenes that particularly interested him on his PC at any time he chose.

He settled himself down comfortably balancing his tray on his plump thighs. He watched as the opening credits rolled.

Tonight's feature: Cadet Sariah Syed– Week 5: Defiance & Duty.

There she was on his screen in crisp 6D definition, he was so glad he's invested in his new, state of the art TV. It made all the difference to his viewing pleasure. She was 18, almost 19 according to her bio that popped up beside her pretty head. She was Indian, at least her mother was. Which in itself was something that Phillip didn't really approve of. She was sharp-featured, proud looking like so many of her kind. Too proud in Phillip's opinion, the sort of proud that needed taking in hand before it took a hold of the poor girl.

For a second Phillip's mind drifted to just how he personally would begin the process of eradicating the girl's obvious excess pride. In the first place it would involve a long, drawn-out caning but that wouldn't be the only sanction, obviously. He made himself concentrate back on the screen. Apparently she had "resisted longer than most," which was hardly a recommendation as far as Phillip was concerned. Immigrants like Syed shouldn't be allowed to mock the system that clothed, fed and housed her.

She was stood in the familiar correction hall, wearing the full cadet uniform: crisp white blouse tucked neatly in and her tie fastened until it was chokingly tight around her pretty, brown throat. Her arms were behind her back and her jet-black hair scraped back into a regulation ponytail. Her eyes were red-rimmed but dry, almost as if she was refusing to show contrition and cry out of sheer pig-headedness. Phillip shook his head slowly in exasperation. This one really did need teaching a lesson.

"Cadet Sariah continues to struggle with vocal tone compliance," intoned the narrator. "Tonight, she receives her next level of recalibration."

There was no mistaking what that meant. The two uniformed state officials in their black ties and suits each took one of Sariah's arms and guided her towards the whipping bench in the centre of the room. Phillip licked his lips. He so did enjoy scenes like this, even the mere use of the term "whipping bench" was enough to excite him. The girl was bent over the bench and had her wrists secured. The woman pulled up Sariah's shorts up as high as possible so that the seam of them neatly divided her backside into two neat little apples and then knelt to secure her ankles to the legs of the bench.

The camera to her rear zoomed in on the shape of her buttocks squirming desperately inside their tight, grey, cotton prison. The view changed to a close-up of her aristocratic brown face and her deep brown eyes. Phillip hurriedly removed the tray from his lap and placed it on a nearby table before scrambling for his remote control and selecting the split screen option which gave him the simultaneous images of her face and her backside.

Without taking his eyes off the screen for a second he slowly unfastened his bathrobe and opened it up so that it draped over the arms of his chair. Beneath his robe Phillip was naked, his cock already springing to life as the pretty Asian girl started to beg. He'd already done his research regarding Miss Sariah Syed. That search facility on his new Tier 2 subscription had almost been worth the cost of the thing on its own.

Simply by entering the girl's name on the app on his computer he could find out everything about her. Even her last few public punishments.

He's seen her thoroughly strapped not too long ago and my how she'd howled. He smiled a little at the recollection of the racket she'd made. Her sort never had much resilience and it had only taken a few strokes of the brutal looking leather start to make her scream and cry. With a little sigh he took a hold of his engorged manhood and gave it a little tug. On screen he watched as the tears started to cascade down her cheeks. This and the begging and the pleading might just about have been allowed in tier 1. But now he was in the paid tier it was just about to get interesting.

One of the cameras quickly panned to the two state officials preparing themselves to administer the punishment. Phillip turned the volume up with the remote so that he could hear the evil hissing noise as they were swung lazily through the air. At the same time the camera on Sariah's face zoomed in to capture her reaction to the noise. Phillip had to let go of himself. He didn't really want to ejaculate before the big show had even begun! Instead he watches as the man and the woman with the canes took u their places behind the young Indian woman.

The camera concentrated on their expressions for a minute, grim, determined, but emotionless. This was their job and they were showing the audience that they personally took no pleasure in it. They were impartial state officials simply carrying out their duty. Phillip Travis allowed himself the luxury of imagining that it was him and not the man with the neatly trimmed black beard raising his cane above his head while the pair of buttocks beneath him squirmed frantically.

Swiiish!

The first stroke bit home with a wicked slashing sound. The camera on Sariah's face captured the moments of shock and then pain perfectly. Phillip was already thinking about making that a still to add to his ever growing collection. His hand returned to his rigid penis, enjoying the pulse in it as he watched the action unfold. There was a few seconds wait as the camera slowly settled on the blonde woman's face as she concentrated on her target.

Swiiish!

The second stroke produced a similar reaction from the Indian girl, a high pitched shriek followed by more tears and pleas for mercy. Phillip particularly enjoyed that part; a well-modulated middle class voice begging to be forgiven always had that effect on him. It seemed to confirm that the girl was regretting her actions or at least the actions of her traitorous parents. But in the end it was all one and the same wasn't it? A little rebel being taught her place in society before it was too late?

Swiiish!

Oh God! Watched the girl's screwed up face just at the precise moment the cane struck and that was enough to send him over the edge. He jerked at himself frantically until he reached the point of no return. He tensed and then relaxed as his seed spluttered across the wooden floor of his living room. He lay back with a slight groan and watched the rest of the action slowly unfold,

Chapter 3

The kettle clicked off just as Judith Martin lowered herself into the stiff kitchen chair. A pale sliver of sun spilled through the net curtains and caught the edge of her polished teaspoon. She stirred with care. One sugar, no milk. Her knees ached, but she didn't complain. Pain was natural at her age. Like the setting of the sun. Like discipline. She tapped the saucer once, and then opened her laptop. The Grey Channel loaded immediately. She didn't need to type in the URL, it was her homepage. Today's featured cadet was someone new. Dark hair. Northern tie. Unfamiliar surname. She marked it for later.

But now, it was time to write.

It's 6.00 and she had already been up an hour. Not because she had to, she was retired now of course. She was 63 and her job had been absorbed into the Department of Child Ideological Development two years ago. She was deemed "no longer structurally necessary." But old habits still stuck to her. She still made her tea in the dark still folded her clothes before dressing, still hummed the anthem to herself while brushing her thinning grey hair in the mirror..

Her small cottage was pristine. Photographs on the wall showing past students, smiling, lined up in their school uniforms, and certificates of "Civic Uplift Recognition" from decades past. She was a good teacher. She still knew that to be true; however she also believed that she would have been an even better teacher had she been allowed to discipline her charges in the way that educators were allowed to do nowadays. The modern quiet, receptive, disciplined classrooms would have suited her so much better than some of the bear pits that she was required to work in.

Even colleges and universities had introduced smart uniforms and corporal punishment into their regimes. Students were allowed a voice of course, but only the college-approved one. Judith had been unfortunate enough to have lived through the height of the child-centred learning fad and had regretted every day of it. She only really began to enjoy her career again right at the end of it just as The New Government seized power and implemented the measures that Judith herself wholeheartedly agreed with.

She logged into The Grey Channel just after 6:00. The homepage already knew her of course. It was the only one she used with any regularity. It recommended reruns of correctional broadcasts she's responded positively to in the past, especially those involving "first-time cadets" or "emotionally resistant subjects." She clicks on Sariah Syed's segment from last night again. She watched it all the way through. She particularly enjoyed watching a coloured girl like Sariah being punished so thoroughly. It was, she believed, the only way her kind learned.

And not necessarily because she liked to see girls like Sariah being beaten, but because she appreciated the *guidance* being meted out to them. Sariah has transgressed and now she's being punished, it was as simple as that. It was like disciplining a dog for doing something naughty and reminding him not to do it again. In Judith's mind there should be a lot more genuine "thank yous" from the girls being corrected. It was after all for their own good, there was no doubt about that. It was only girls that had no family or friends who were left uncorrected, and look how they generally turned out!

And by "family", Judith meant a college or a place of employment, or the State. And more precisely, The New Government. As far as she saw it, the New Government had taken the place of unwilling or even absent parents in the lives of these vulnerable young women and handing out much needed discipline whenever and wherever it was deemed necessary. It was unquestionably a force for good.

Her fingers hovered above her keyboard Judith has commented dozens of times on various broadcasts. Not with unnecessary cruelty and certainly never lewdly. She didn't really approve of people taking any sort of sexual pleasure in discipline. But her tone was always with the tone of an older woman offering advice to a stubborn child, carefully explaining just why their behaviour might be unacceptable and then advising them to take any punishment with good grace.

She calls cadets "brave," "teachable," "still salvageable." Sometimes, "in need of a firmer hand." But that didn't mean that she hated them. Quite the opposite in fact, she loved the fact that they've been offered a second chance by a generous State. So what if their family or friends were traitorous scum? It didn't necessarily follow that they were too. They just needed to be set back on the right track and to be seen by the rest of the country doing exactly that.

And she believed that pity was part of the service she offered the New Government. Compassion *after correction* was the citizen's role. That's why she contributed to the Grey Channel at least once a day every day and usually far more often. Her screen name was Nanny4NG and she had a dedicated and growing following of like-minded people who seemed happy to approve of her pronouncements and to repost them for her. It wasn't a role she would have necessarily wanted, but it had brought her an almost new lease of life.

Immediately after she'd retired (or been made to retire if she was being truthful with herself) her life had quickly become dull and a little bit...uneventful. She was single out of choice but she realised that her friends were almost all work-related and so she was no longer in the loop. However, with the rise of the Grey Channel, that hole in her life had been well and truly filled. She agreed with the premise of it immediately. She was a staunch supporter of The New Government and always had been for several years.

Her background first as a teacher "at the coalface" as she liked to think of it and then as an educator at Ideological Education had given her what she considered to be a valuable insight into how the Cadet System should work and with that in mind had dedicated herself almost totally to it. She had no idea how social media worked until she got involved with the Grey Channel but now she was well and truly hooked. Not in a bad way, she reminded herself regularly, but in a caring, motherly sort of a way for all those poor young girls whose parents had been rightfully imprisoned for their traitorous views.

"Hands up who saw Cadet Syed receive her well deserved punishment last night."

Judith often started her day with that sort of question. It engaged the viewer. Until recently she hadn't even heard the term much less understood what it meant. Now she knew that it caught the eye of people like her, people who would respond to her and probably increase her profile. Judith smiled to herself, increase her profile indeed! She didn't have long to wait until her screen started flashing.

"She cried a lot didn't she? No backbone those sort of people."

From her friend who she'd never met, Phyllis in Wales somewhere. Phyllis and her agreed on lots of things, the fact that brown people didn't seem to possess any fortitude being just one of them. She replied with a smiling emoji.

"I enjoyed it. Taught her a good lesson."

Said Marcus from Kent.

Judith replied with a thumbs up. She used to reply personally to each and every comment but now she had simply too many to do that. She tended to reply personally to new names because she understood that had the potential to translate as a new follower. A new follower meant her own personal status within the Grey Channel rose that little bit more. The bigger the account the more likely the owner would be quoted or even thanked by name by the Grey Channel.

"The little bitches tears gave me a hard on,"

Judith hesitated over that one. Although she agreed with the general sentiment, tears were important as a display of genuine contrition, it was all a bit too...direct. In the old days when she was new to the game, Judith would probably have ignored the words and possibly even blocked the sender, Phillip T from Leeds in this case. But now, every potential follower counted. Instead she wrote.

"So glad that we seem to be in agreement. Thanks for sharing."

She said, without pointing out the obvious grammatical mistake regarding the word "bitches." Sometimes one had to swallow one's natural reluctance for the sake of the project. Once she'd answered all the comments in her feed she returned to the Syed punishment. It really was quite an exemplary one, the little brown girl made an extraordinary racket so Judith could only assume that the caning she received had hurt quite a lot.

However, and despite that, there seemed to be very little actual contrition. Judith would have preferred to make the weeping young woman kneel up and then offer a heartfelt apology for her behaviour and then thank the two officials and then more importantly thank the State for correcting her. Because that is exactly what the issue was. Her behaviour was inappropriate and she had been punished for it.

But now closure could only be achieved when the girl realised and accepted that, and then thanked those responsible for giving her a second chance. Some girls who weren't quite salvageable had to be moved on to more...stringent institutions that employed more corporal measures on a more regular basis.

There had been no mention of that in the video so one could assume that Sariah Syed, for the time being at least, had avoided that fate.

Judith found the contact email for the Grey Channel, “Comment welcome and always read” and composed the following message.

“My name is Judith Martin, known in the community as Nanny4NG. I’m a long-time supporter and subscriber, and have submitted suggestions in the past (reference IDs: #004197 and #005023), particularly regarding discipline and contrition.

*I’m writing in reference to **Cadet Sariah Syed**, featured recently in the Introduction and Response segments.*

While I believe she is making acceptable early progress, I noticed that she was allowed to receive her entirely justified caning without once offering a formal apology for her original behaviour or her correction.

Might I suggest an idea for her going forward?

Have her sit before a mirror on a low stool and then carefully enunciate a suitable apology both for her behaviour and her correction. Sitting her before a mirror, in full uniform, and having her repeat her apologies aloud to her own reflection could help cement both humility and sincerity. It would also give viewers a more intimate connection to her inner change. Perhaps a short verbal cue after each repetition? (“Say it again,” or “Look at yourself when you speak.”)

If her family name carries further weight, I’d also recommend mentioning her mother by name during the segment, to reinforce communal memory.

I hope this is useful. I know you must receive many suggestions, but I still believe that former educators have a role to play in moral development, even outside the classroom.

Yours sincerely,

Judith Martin

Zone 5 – East Borough

Verified Citizen Since 2023”

She pressed send and hoped that someone in authority might, just might pay attention to her suggestion.

Chapter 4

Frank Mortimer showed his pass briefly to the smartly uniformed young woman on the desk, who he was pleased to notice, stiffened her posture very slightly before thanking him politely and handing him a manila folder. He didn't thank her, not because he was being conscientiously rude but because he wasn't even vaguely interested in flirting with her or God forbid, trying to gain her approval. He had stopped all that nonsense years ago and had no wish to resume despite the girl's obvious physical attraction.

Instead he simply kept on marching towards his destination. There was no need for directions, he'd been to Grey Towers several times over the past few months and knew this part of the building very well. It was the top floor, only accessible via a lift with a special code. Mark Grey it seemed liked his privacy, but then so did Frank so that was fine. He wasn't particularly well known and he preferred to keep it that way, particularly his dealings with the New Government and shows like The Grey Channel.

Frank was above all a pragmatic man. He didn't really do politics or politicians, he was largely uninterested in what they had to say and he considered them to be largely self-serving dimwits. He had no real political conviction either to the Left or to the Right, he was much more interested in money and where the next deal was coming from. He didn't care about the New Government's politics, but he was interested in power and influence and being one of the government's primary financiers had certainly brought him both.

He never did things out of the goodness of his heart. The New Government had benefitted from his largesse, particularly in those shaky early days. But Frank had factored that into his planning and now he calculated that he'd nearly doubled his own huge fortune by backing it. It was a risky deal, but it had turned out very well and as a consequence he was almost venerated by the Party. He could do no wrong as far as they were concerned which opened up whole new avenues of trade and streams of income.

It also brought him into contact with people like Mark Grey whose office he was just about to enter. Mark's personal secretary, Isla rose deferentially when she saw Frank and then led him into Mark's space. Now Isla was more his type, an icy, classic Nordic blonde. He often imagined fucking the supercilious bitch over her own desk while she begged for mercy, but even for a man as used to getting his own way as he was that seemed a little bit impractical. At least for now anyway.

Instead he contented himself with ignoring her as she introduced him to her boss. They shook hands and Mark called through for two coffees. Frank had quite a low opinion of most people, it was his default setting, but he quite liked Mark. He was fairly wealthy but not showy, anonymous if anything which Frank appreciated. He was tired of the continual games he had to play with his competitors. Mark was in a sense relaxing company. And he was the head of The Grey Channel which of course was a very interesting position to hold.

The two men exchanged small talk mainly centred around Frank's growing family until they got their coffees and Frank had finished staring at Isla Sinclair's retreating backside. Mark dimmed the lights and they settled comfortably down to watch the large screen. The first scene was a tall, hefty young woman in the familiar snow-white shirt, shorts and tightly knotted green and white striped tie. And although she was acceptably pretty she was also plump. Her thick thighs were emphasised by her tiny, grey shorts and her blouse strained beneath the size and weight of her breasts.

"Stand up you fat bitch!" Demanded a loud male voice.

Frank and Mark focussed on the scene. The girl, probably in her early twenties looked terrified. Frank felt himself nod appreciatively and at the same time his cock thickened in anticipation. Almost before the girl could lever herself to her feet a strong hand had taken her by the collar of her tight white shirt and hauled her across the room before depositing her heavily over a wooden desk.

The first man took a hank of her brunette hair, tugging on it until she squealed.

"We're going to leather your fat arse for you, you lazy slut. Not because you've done anything wrong, but just because someone important has seen your ugly pig face and thinks you need a beating."

"Is that okay with you, piggy?" Asked the second man taking her by the ear and twisting it painfully. Do you mind having your fat arse skinned just because a superior wants it to be skinned, hey?"

He twisted her ear the other way as he asked the question and the camera facing her zoomed in so that Frank could see the tears course down her chubby, flushed cheeks.

“Well!?” He demanded brusquely.

“N...no, sir”

There was a rustling sound off camera and then a sudden scream as a stiff piece of leather lashed around the girl’s shorts catching a part of her exposed right thigh. The shriek it produced was enough for Mark to glance over to ensure that the volume of noise hadn’t upset his guest in any way. But he needn’t have worried; the urbane grey-haired gentleman seemed quite unperturbed.

A hand wrapped itself around her hair again and pulled her head up so the camera was directly facing it.

“It’s not okay with you!? Is that what you’re saying piggy? That we can’t leather your backside for you?”

“N...no, sir...no, sir...please, sir.”

Thwwaack!

“So we can strap you then? I’m not quite sure what’s going on here. First you don’t want your fat backside skinning and then you do? Make your mind up, girl. What’s it to be?”

The girl’s howling made conversation impossible for a second. Frank took the opportunity to ask about the possibility of another cup of coffee. From that, Mark assumed that he had chosen well and that Mr Mortimer had found that morning’s entertainment acceptable. He rang for Isla and within minutes she was scurrying back into his office bearing a second cup of coffee for their guest.

As she pushed open the door while balancing the tray the first thing she heard was the crack of the strap across some poor unfortunate girl’s backside and then a high-pitched shriek from the screen. Isla tried to ignore what was going in but it was difficult, especially in this work environment. She didn’t particularly enjoy her job but it paid so very, very well. Carefully Isla approached the paternal old gentleman sat stretched out in the leather chair furthest from her.

She didn’t like Frank Mortimer. He was a nasty, arrogant piece of work. Despite his age he was still fit and strong looking but he carried an aura of danger about him. As if he had done things in the past that were bad but that he wasn’t even remotely sorry about. He was very, very creepy she decided. She tried not to look away as he slowly eyed her up and down like a piece of meat in the market. He even had the nerve to gently lick his lips and give a slight smile, Mark seemed not to notice.

His eyes were fixed to the screen where a plump young woman was being thoroughly thrashed by two angry looking, thuggish men. Isla passed the tray to the older man who took his coffee and then stared at her lasciviously. God! What a creepy old reptile he was! Isla would have given anything to slap his horrible face. Although that was just fantasy of course, the very fact that he was here in this room with her boss meant that he was powerful man, an extremely powerful man. And those sorts were certainly not worth aggravating.

Isla smiled at him, her best professional flirting smile and turned her head slightly for maximum effect. She had won enough beauty pageants in her youth to know exactly what dirty old men like this one liked to see. And normally that was enough, even for the rich who made up the Red Tier. The Red Tier didn’t even officially exist but it was in effect a fourth tier above the official three. The Tier 3 clients, minor government ministers, senior local councillors, the relatively rich and powerful were quite happy to harbour the illusion that they were the most important group as far as the Grey Channel was concerned.

But of course they weren’t. Senior New Government officials, financiers, the very rich and the very influential were allowed entry into the inner sanctum. A personal meeting with Mark Grey and the freedom to watch absolutely raw, unedited footage of anything his cameras had captured that may interest them. They’d be the first and often the only people outside the walls of The Grey Channel to see such footage. And although the footage was often horrible and demeaning, Isla had to admit that as a marketing tool it was very clever and effective,

Despite their own ego’s wealthy influential people all liked to be reminded that they were indeed wealthy and powerful. So an invite to a personal “Red Tier” viewing was quite a coup. Those that were invited often felt compelled to drop the fact into conversation with their not quite powerful or wealthy enough friends. The Red Tier had unofficially become the hottest ticket in town and therefore, reasoned Isla, everyone who was a part of it needed to be flattered and respected, at least on the surface. She

ignored Mr Mortimer's lack of gratitude and wriggled her bottom slightly in its provocatively tight, short blue skirt as she made her exit, trying to ignore what was happening on the screen.

Frank on the other hand was immediately dragged back to what was going on. The two men had beaten the girl and made her introduce herself to the camera. Her name was Katy Manning, she was 22 and she didn't work. She was it appeared some sort of online anti-government activist and until very recently had lived at home with her wealthy left-wing parents who paid for her lifestyle. But now the two of them had been arrested and all their property confiscated, Katy was in effect, parentless, homeless, unemployed and broke. Any one of which would have made the local New Government office suspicious.

And now here she was for their, well his enjoyment Frank supposed. A big, fat left-wing layabout being taught the error of her ways. And although she had been described as a "political activist" the fact that she was an entirely unthreatening presence was all a part of the amusement. Frank smiled as her snug grey shorts were pulled off followed by her brief, navy-blue knickers leaving her naked from the waist down. This time the two aggressive men produced canes and while one held her in the bent-over naughty schoolgirl position the other caned her. Then the positions were reversed and Katy was caned a second time.

Frank felt his cock stiffen pleurably. This was the sort of content he liked, raw and wild. There was no subliminal message or some tale about redemption or what good things came to girls who conformed and toed the Party line. No, this was punishment purely and simply for those that enjoyed punishment purely for the sake of it. Something for the jaded palate, pain as entertainment. And Frank did enjoy inflicting pain and humiliation; there was no getting away from that.

The fact that the silly fat bitch on the screen now had an arse that looked as if it had sat on a griddle was neither here or there as far as he was concerned. The look on her face, the shrieking and the begging, her rough treatment at the hands of two obviously sadistic men was really quite thrilling, a true example of unlimited male power. He hadn't paid 100% attention to it because for one he didn't want to exhibit his obvious excitement to Mark Grey and for two the full uncut footage would be waiting for him in his study at home sent via an encrypted anonymous source. There he could indulge himself to his heart's content.

The scene on the big screen slowly due to a close.

"I hope you liked that Mr Mortimer. She's a new girl, she's with the Hampshire cadets, I thought you might enjoy seeing her for yourself before she goes on general display?"

"She was an interesting one, Mark. A little...portly for my taste," he lied, "but agreeable entertainment nevertheless."

"Excellent, excellent. I propose a spot of lunch in the boardroom and then perhaps a new episode from one of your old favourites, Camilla, in the afternoon?"

Frank nodded his assent barely able to contain his excitement, Camilla Hyde-White the spoilt youngest daughter of a pair of business rivals that he'd recently bankrupted. She'd always been a rather rude, entitled little madam, but the last time he'd seen her she'd been naked in a set of stocks looking straight at the camera and pleading piteously not to be birched. The image had burned itself in his mind and he'd replayed the affair over and over again in the privacy of his own office,

Chapter 5

The young man played the scene back again. He'd been working on it for most of the morning. Connor was a fairly recent recruit to The Grey Channel and although it was a particularly interesting and lucrative post he was very aware of the standards the organisation demanded. Although he had suspected the truth the first time he'd watched the clip back, he wanted to make very sure that his eyes hadn't deceived him and that he was imagining what he saw.

The job had arrived on his desk that Monday morning. It was a short clip with an attached note from his boss.

"St Anselm's has asked us to look at this classroom footage taken last week and particularly what happens around 4:17 minutes. I'd appreciate your feedback on this at your earliest opportunity, Ms F Dowd."

Connor was only too well aware that as far as Francesca Dowd was concerned "at your earliest opportunity" meant yesterday so he'd buried himself in the task. The fact that she hadn't made her own opinion clear was a bit of a challenge. He opened his PC and recalled the venue, the date and the time. Up popped the image from St Anselm's College. There was a lesson in progress, a 6th form study group apparently and the teacher was...Connor looked at his notes, Mr Neil Renwick.

He watched with the sound on first and it was so immersive it felt as if he was actually in the room. The discussion was regarding Cadet Hardcastle, and how the New Government was giving her a second chance to get her life back on track, so far so good. Connor had done this sort of thing before but it had always been with the spotlight on the behaviour of the students, this time the enquiry was regarding the teacher, Mr Renwick. The camera in the corner pans to the teacher's face at 4:09 and it appears calm and composed. However at 4:15 it starts to change and then 4:17 there's an expression that conveys...what?

With a sudden jolt, Connor realised that the sentiment is sympathy, sympathy for Cadet Hardcastle! A cadet that has already been found guilty and is being rightfully punished! The cadet herself had even admitted her guilt. There was no need for the teacher to express any sympathy or God forbid, support for Cadet Hardcastle. To do so could and probably would be construed as undermining the authority of the Cadet System and by association undermining the authority of the New Government itself.

It was such a serious charge that Connor made himself pause and then review the evidence. A man's career was at stake and maybe his liberty so he didn't want to rush into any sort of hurried conclusion. Backwards and forwards the tape rolled. There was a definite change in the man's expression and despite being willing to give him the benefit of the doubt it looked horribly as if Neil Renwick, a teacher with 20 years experience was indeed showing overt sympathy to a cadet convicted of a crime.

Connor bit his lip thoughtfully, it was such a small thing, maybe a couple of seconds of relaxation where perhaps Renwick thought the camera had moved on, that it hardly seemed worthwhile bothering with. The problem however was that both the College and Ms Dowd had seen the same images as he had. Should he not report what he'd seen they might well suspect him of incompetence or even collaboration? And then he'd certainly lose his first paid occupation.

With a slight sigh Connor Stevens set to work writing his report.

The speed of it was the most shocking thing, thought Neil as he sat on the edge of his bed in the small cell. He'd prepared himself for work in the usual way, kissed his wife goodbye and stepped of his house towards the car. Almost immediately a strong hand took a hold of his wrist and asked him to confirm his identity. Two more black clad figures arrived from his left and told him they were officers from Homeland Security. He managed to stutter out his name and then was escorted briskly into the back of a waiting police van.

He didn't even ask what it was all about, he had sense that he already knew. That bloody interview with that poor girl Freya Hardcastle. He had tried valiantly to keep his face neutral but just for a couple of seconds his lips had curled in contempt and he had shaken his head very, very slightly. After that he'd taken the utmost care with his appearance and self-monitored his behaviour to make sure that nothing else

untoward happened. But as the handcuffs locked around his wrists it seemed as if he hadn't been careful enough.

From then it had been Homeland Security's bleak looking offices and an interview with a stern, unsmiling woman in a white shirt and black tie who told him he was going to be interviewed, detained overnight and then tried before a magistrate in the morning. So here he was sat on his bed, his shoelaces and his own tie removed waiting to hear his fate and wondering if anyone had told the school or his wife Julia where he was at that moment.

Julia Renwick wasn't far away as it turned out. She had been arrested while the HS officers ransacked her house looking for something or other, she wasn't quite sure. In the end they took Neil's laptop, some of his books and notes and her in handcuffs out to a car in the street. Julia bit her lip and tried not to cry as various curtains and blinds were twitched up and down her nice little avenue. Nobody came out of their house to enquire what was going on and did she need any help of course, that would have been quite unthinkable. The policemen were only doing their job.

Unbeknown to her the car followed the same route as the Homeland Security van where she was interviewed regarding the political views of her husband. Julia was quite shocked, as far as she knew Neil was a supporter of the New Government. He was a teacher after all and he'd told her that he voted for them at the last election. What could be the reason for that question? Had he shown any sympathy towards convicted criminals in the past? Once again Julia was nonplussed. What sort of question was that? Of course he hadn't, why would he do such a thing? Despite her words Julia was deposited in a holding cell not far from her husband's.

Over at the other side of the country, Madeleine Renwick had been called out of lectures to her tutor's office where she found two female Homeland Security officers waiting to speak to her. She felt her stomach sink as she listened to her middle-aged tutor being ordered out of his own office by the stern looking officers. This didn't sound like good news. Her phone was requisitioned and he was bundled into the back of a car and driven to her lodgings where her things were gathered into bin bags and her laptop seized.

The drive to the police station didn't take long. Maddy attempted to ask what was going on but was simply ignored. She sat back in her seat and tried to ignore the pain in her wrists where her cuffs had been tightened slightly too much. They had asked her to confirm her name and then asked if Neil Renwick was her father. When she had replied in the affirmative the two women exchanged looks but said no more. That was when Maddy realised for the first time that her father was somehow in deep trouble. She sniffed and blinked and tried to blink away the tears.

Chapter 6

Ms. Francesca Dowd re-read the email again. Hmmm. This one was quite interesting. She received literally hundreds a day most of which were absolute garbage and sadly revealed the average reading age of the subscribers to The Grey Channel to be something in single figures. However every so often something actually well written and interesting came to her attention. She already checked the writer's name and her ID. Something the majority of messagers didn't seem to think important enough to be included.

Her name was Judith Martin she was "a long term viewer" (weren't they all?), she was 63 and her background was just about acceptable enough for what Francesca had in mind. She looked up the woman's screen name, Nanny4NG, which was okay as well. Nothing too outlandish or ridiculous, especially for Tier 1 which went out to everyone, even the foolish and impressionable. There was nothing about Nanny4NG that could possibly offend anyone normal.

She had been a teacher and what she termed "an educator" which could of course be spun to suggest that the woman was some sort of academic. She had a reasonable number of followers who by and large seemed liked reasonable, sensible people. Francesca ran the usual State tests regarding her background and loyalty and they too came back blemish free. Francesca logged her findings and sent them on to her supervisor, the man who would make the final decision.

Almost exactly a week to the day, Judith received a return email to the one she'd sent. She read it twice, with her mid-afternoon tea and biscuits.

"Dear Citizen Judith Martin,

Your engagement with The Grey Channel has been reviewed by the Ministry of Behavioural Reinforcement. Your insights and feedback have contributed meaningfully to civic emotional guidance. You are hereby invited to serve as an adjunct member of the Citizen Review Panel – Eastern Borough Rotation Wing.

The address is enclosed. Please provide the link that has been sent to your phone to reception on arrival. This role carries no formal compensation. Your service is a matter of national pride. Your input will be recorded for content strategy and emotional mapping. Confidentiality is mandatory. Submissions may be cited anonymously in editorial memos. Session one begins on Thursday Morning at 9.00. Please do not bring any devices.

Ms F Dowd."

She folded the paper once and smiled, all one had to do was ask politely it seemed. Then slid the letter under the embroidered cloth on her kitchen table, where she used to keep birthday cards from her former students.

Chapter 7

Neil Renwick gripped the horizontal bar in front of him quite firmly in order to prevent himself slumping to the floor. Two years! Two years in prison for what had amounted to little more than him rolling his eyes at the treatment of another human being! He could barely believe the sentence that had been handed out to him. A two year prison term with no possibility of parole and struck off the teaching register. He had no doubt that bloody disgusting fascist “news” station The Grey Channel would be filming him right at that moment without his permission to show what happened to dissenters in their system.

It had been a show trial, nothing more and nothing less. And that had come on top of the three months handed out to Julia for “aiding and abetting a dissenter” which was a ludicrous decision based on her own utter lack of knowledge or interest in politics. Worse still, his daughter Madeleine “in light of the fact that both her parents were convicted criminals” had been taken from her university course, her exams nullified and been placed into the cadet system “until such time that she showed proper contrition for the actions of her father.”

The whole thing was mad, simply insane! A whole family separated just because he had slightly different opinions to the prevailing orthodoxy. It had been a mistake in retrospect to leave his diary on his laptop. Sure he had encrypted it but it probably took Homeland Security less than five minutes to decrypt it revealing his secret thoughts regarding the New Government and its unconscionable behavior. But still, two years in prison and his career and his pension both lost! Neil slumped slowly back to his seat and fought the urge to cry.

Julia Renwick had just been birched! Tied over a hurdle and then her skirt and knickers torn off before being birched like some sort of Victorian malefactor. The man who’d done it, the governor of the women’s section of the prison seemed in no way unhappy at his role. In fact he seemed really quite amused by the whole thing. She felt his hand cup her damaged buttock and winced involuntarily. God, it hurt so much! She hadn’t even done anything wrong; the governor had made that clear to her. This was just her “introductory birching” to prison, a welcome gift as the governor, Mr Craven, had put it.

She had begged and cried but it just didn’t seem to do any good. Mr Craven had carried on flaying her bare bottom and her upper thighs for what felt like several minutes. Eventually he paused, although it took Julia a fair few seconds to realise that he’d stopped. From the corner of one tearful eye she could see the man carefully replace his dark jacket and then return to the birch to stand it in a bucket of water near the door. Apart from the obvious physical pain and the diabolical after sting she was suffering, what really hurt was the fact that she hadn’t actually done anything to justify her punishment or indeed to be locked away like this. She’d been a committed New Government supporter but that didn’t seem to have been enough to prevent her backside being scourged.

Neil had apparently done something wrong; she wasn’t quite sure what but it did seem quite serious. He’d apparently “undermined the authority of the Cadet System” although if she was being honest Julia wasn’t exactly sure as to what that actually meant. So it was hard to criticise him, he’s always been a wonderful husband and a good friend and now she wouldn’t be able to even see him for months. The tears began again in earnest, pooling on the wooden floor beneath her.

Chapter 8

Madeleine Renwick gasped as the cold of the morning air enveloped her. Last week she'd been in her nice warm halls of residence laughing and joking with her friends and trying to catch the attention of a good looking, shy boy over in the corner. Now she was trying to march in uncomfortable, tight shoes with a shovel over her shoulder. Last week she'd been wearing a onesie with a fleece hood and sat in front of a log fire, today she was wearing a humiliating cadet uniform including a chokingly tight black and gold striped tie and embarrassingly brief grey shorts.

Her bare legs felt blue with cold and she couldn't stop trembling. Around her were nine other girls dressed in a similarly inappropriate fashion marching in an uncoordinated way down the road away from their accommodation to a field where they would spend the rest of the day digging drainage ditches for the local farmer. The situation felt almost surreal, she was a 22 year old student, she didn't know the first thing about digging or drainage and yet here she was marching down some deserted country lane at an unearthly hour.

And why? Something to do with her dad apparently, although Madeleine was a bit hazy on the details. She knew that he had been arrested and her mum too, which was quite unbelievable. Her mother was the last person you'd suspect of committing any sort of crime and yet she too was in a police station, which was just about all that Maddy knew. Although she couldn't help but notice that the staff at the cadet office seemed to take a sudden interest when her name was announced. Similarly the bloody drones that were hovering all around seemed to be congregating on her.

Perhaps it was her paranoia or something, Maddy wasn't sure. This place and the situation she found herself in was enough to send anyone crazy. She tried to analyse it objectively like she'd been taught in university but instead...

Swiiish!

"Owowowow," she couldn't help exclaiming as one of the instructors applied her cane to Maddy's bottom which may have been bare for all the protection officered by her snug shorts.

"Keep up, university girl. You're not on holiday now. This is real, productive work." Called out the woman with an audible smirk.

Maddy walked that little bit quicker to catch up with her new colleagues. The woman who had just blatantly assaulted her was Miss Bennett. She was a very typical instructor in that she was petty, cruel and some sort of sadist. Maddy wasn't sure how these women were chosen but it certainly wasn't on the basis of their personality. They didn't appear to be the sharpest tools in the box but, as she had to concede, it was them wearing warm overcoats and trousers whereas she was dressed in thin blouse and shorts.

Swiiish!

The stick whistled and bit into the backs of her thighs just below the hem of her ridiculous shorts.

"And that, that was because I just don't like you, you arrogant bitch." Miss Bennett added, conversationally.

Maddy squealed again but she dared not complain or even try to avoid the blow she just scurried forward and hoped that the old cow with the cane would lose interest in her. From behind she could hear the intrusive buzz as a drone zeroed in on her. She knew of course what the Grey Channel was. She'd been unlucky enough to have been made to sit through their evil propaganda when she'd been in her final year at school. She and her dad had often talked about it and she agreed with his decision not to ever put The Grey Channel on in the house.

But now it seemed that she was going to be a central part in one of its horrible, degrading productions. And to think, less than a week ago her biggest worry was trying to decide which party to attend with her friends. She sniffed self-pityingly and hurried along the deserted lane. At least the pace of the march was enough to make her feel slightly warmer.

Four hours later, Maddy was considerably warmer but almost exhausted. Digging a hole in a wet muddy field in the depths of winter was unfamiliar, back-breaking work. She struggled on, digging shovelful after shovelful of wet, heavy earth into a wheelbarrow under the vigilant eyes of the cane-wielding instructors. Miss Bennett had long gone back to the barracks for her well-earned cup of coffee,

which was a relief, but she'd been replaced by Mr Edwards a thin spotty new hire who was clearly trying to make a name for himself.

As an introduction he had caned her for a full minute as she struggled to push her heavy wheelbarrow up a slight but slippery slope desperately trying to gain purchase with her unsuitable flat soled shoes. She had cried and begged but it was to no avail, he'd carried on until she made the tipping point where she thought that her heart might explode. There he'd lectured her regarding her work ethic, wagging his finger in her face while she cried with shame.

Hundreds of miles away an employee of The Grey Channel nodded at the footage he was getting on the live feed. Arresting the daughter of the traitor and enrolling her in cadets had been a master stroke. Damian did like the camp where the stream was coming from, it made great TV. It was Northern and very remote and produced very good "atmosphere" shots. There was also a lot of hard, physical work that always needed doing. All in all it was the perfect place to send a cadet on her first placement. This soft little girl for example, Madeleine Renwick, was being thoroughly mastered and had been crying pitifully for the last five minutes.

Damian had no real sympathy, she'd transgressed or at least her father had, and she was being punished for that. The point was that she was being punished very publicly. The tax-paying public did like to see their money well spent. He smiled to himself as he imagined the headlines for that evening's entertainment. New girls were always popular no matter what they looked like. The advantage with Madeleine Renwick was that not only did she have a compelling back story, the Renwick case had been all over social media, but she was also very attractive.

She was tall, busty and red-haired, all favourite attributes as far as Damian was concerned. Plus she cried beautifully, great heaving sobs of contrition and humiliating apology which, coincidentally, was another favourite thing of Damian's. The public were going to love her. Damian glanced up at the clock on the wall. Soon he was going to have to tear himself away from the live feed and start curating that evening's show with the video and images that he already had. In his head he was imagining how dour the North was going to look in the cold winter morning for his millions of appreciative customers.

Chapter 9

Neville could hardly believe his good fortune. He was until recently a middle manager in one of the country's biggest most influential businesses, but recent structural reorganisation had buffeted and squeezed him nearer and nearer to a directorship, and then it actually happened. The change in his status was apparent overnight, more money, a much bigger office, a better car a secretarial upgrade etc, all the benefits that should rightfully accrue to a successful guy like him.

However the real benefit, the one he secretly wanted more than any other was an invite to the top table, Tier 3 of The Grey Channel. And, oh my word! He hadn't been disappointed. Tier 3 was a whole new world. First of all it was by private invite, so no riffraff. A nice quiet studio with 25 or so fellow guests, a very civilized occasion with drinks served by attractive young women and help-yourself snacks. There was a certain amount of business chat with chaps who looked as if they knew what they were about and a quiet exchange of business cards, but in reality Neville could barely contain himself.

Eventually he was asked to take his place and the light dimmed. The images on the screen came into focus. On it was an attractive red-haired young woman dressed in the student uniform of jeans and a sweater that was at least two sizes too large for her. She was tall compared to the other girls around her who were all dressed in a similar way. It looked as if they were all either going to or coming back from lectures. They were happy and laughing about something or other. And then her name flashed up by the side of her head, Madeleine Renwick, aged 22, a student at one of the more prestigious universities.

Neville could feel his manhood beginning to stir. He licked his lips in anticipation, and he wasn't disappointed. The screen now bore the legend "*Madeleine Renwick, the daughter of dangerous subversive teacher, Neil Renwick, before being invited to volunteer her services to cadets.*" And then it suddenly changed to show her walking down some bleak looking road with a shovel over her shoulder.

And instead of wearing an ill-fitting sweater she was wearing a tight white blouse, a neat black and gold striped tie and a miniscule pair of grey shorts. The script by her side changed to "*Madeleine Renwick, 6am, Northwold, on her way to her new job.*" My, thought Neville appreciatively, how cold and miserable the place looked! Just the place for the daughter of a traitor to repay her debt to society. The camera was head on to her and lingered slightly over her erect nipples pushing against the crisp white cotton of her shirt.

As the writing faded from the screen, the volume came on. One of the instructors had just said something to the girl.

"Keep up, university girl. You're not on holiday now. This is real, productive work."

A collective snigger went around the room, which rose in appreciation as the girl squealed and her head shot up so she was looking directly at the drone that was hovering at her eye level. That cane stroke clearly hurt, Neville tried to imagine how much being caned across the back of cold, bare thighs must feel but soon gave up. After all, it wasn't his father who was the subversive, anti-social element was it?

The image cut to a panoramic view of the grey skyline and the steadily falling rain. The group of people watched with barely controlled amusement as the sodden red-haired girl tried desperately to wheel her heavy barrow up a wet, slippery hill. Neville was pleased to see that the rain had made Madeleine's shirt almost translucent which exposed her plump breasts for his enjoyment. She really was quite a delicious morsel. And that was his dominant thought, rather than any fake sympathy that he may once have had.

He watched as some burly fellow in a waterproof cape lectured her for a good minute before making her crouch on her hands and knees in the mud and then give her a good, meaty half dozen strokes across the plumpness of her swelling behind. The cameras focused on the backside first, following the first couple of strokes that left indentations across her thin, soaking wet grey shorts. Then the screen switched to her agonized face and the tears mixed with rain flooding down her red face. And then as some sort of finale, showed a split screen image of both face and buttocks at the same time.

It was such a demeaning scene, thoroughly deserved of course, that Neville had to physically prevent himself from applauding. This was the way to deal with the children of anti-State dissidents! But the entertainment still wasn't over. The instructor hung his cane from his belt and then, taking a firm hold on

Madeleine's shirt collar dragged her kicking and squirming back down the slippery slope on her back and then her front as she twisted in a vain attempt to escape his grip on her. She was dragged all the way to where she'd left her spade until she was even more wet and caked with mud and then simply instructed to start digging again.

Madeleine lay exhausted for a few seconds until the sound of a female instructor shouting at her to get up and get "her lazy arse back to work!" Seemed to galvanise her back into action. Another stroke of the woman's cane across the front of Madeleine's thighs seemed to do the trick and she picked up her shovel and started to dig. The drone hovered by her face for a second and as she turned towards it, the image of her exhausted, hysterical, tear-filled face filled the screen before pausing frozen for the room to enjoy.

Neville smiled up at the image which stayed for a little while until it faded to be replaced by another view but this time the opening shot was the outside of a private house rather than a public place. He took a drink offered by one of the ever-smiling girls hovering by his elbow and settled back to watch the next installment in his afternoon's entertainment. He hoped at first that it was going to involve one of his favourites, but then soon realised that he just didn't care too much who the star of the next production was going to be. He was quite sure that he was going to enjoy it whatever.

Chapter 10

The room was smaller than Judith imagined. There were no flags, no slogans, no State-inspired rhetoric of any kind. Just a white screen on one wall, a table with six chairs, and a set of black binders stacked neatly in the centre. The others gathered around the table were not quite like her. There were two Party retirees, a media psychology graduate, and a corporate compliance officer. No one introduced themselves by title. They were not here to impress each other. They were here to pass judgement.

A man in a slate-grey suit, clearly from the Ministry, opened the session.

“Today’s subject: Sariah Syed, aged 18. We’ve had various requests for her to be made to express her contrition more carefully and make it more genuine. You have been chosen to organise and carry out the way Cadet Syed should apologise. Over to you, ladies and gentlemen.”

He tapped a button on the desk and a metal partition slid slowly back to reveal a very subdued-looking Sariah Syed in her cadet uniform sat on a low stool flanked by two tough looking female instructors in white shirts and black ties.

“They can’t hear us until I press the connect button on my screen. The way these sessions work is that we take the various options open to us and then by a majority decision take that particular action. So for example the opening question usually revolves around the cadet’s personal appearance. Are we happy with it, should she be wearing more or less, etc etc?”

Judith glanced at the screen. As far as she was concerned, Sariah was immaculately turned out. Her white shirt was crisp and immaculate, her striped tie was extremely tightly knotted, her shorts were snug and her short white sock and shiny black shoes suggested a student or a smartly turned out intern. The panel watched for a few seconds.

“She seems well turned out,” said Judith taking the lead. “I mean there’s always room for improvement with every cadet, but I’d say the girl’s appearance was adequate?”

There was a rumble of agreement before the man pressed the intercom

“Appearance acceptable”

Judith couldn’t help but notice that the girl looked relieved.

“Now her position,” asked the man. Would you prefer sitting as she is, standing, or kneeling?”

Originally, Judith had suggested sitting on a low stool in front of the mirror, but the idea of the girl kneeling to deliver her apology was quite appealing. She waited until others spoke this time. She didn’t want to be seen trying to control the discussion, at least not on her first appearance on a panel. The Ministry man looked enquiringly at them. The two retirees voted sitting, the psychology student and the compliance officer voted for kneeling, Judith decided to go along with them.

“Make the girl kneel please, facing the mirror.”

To her pleasure, Judith realised that the mirror was the two way mirror she was sat behind. The kneeling girl was looking straight at the judges but she couldn’t see them.

“Very well, let’s hear the girl’s apology for her behaviour first.”

Judith felt herself sit forward slightly. The girl seemed to be looking directly at her and speaking to her personally.

“I’m very sorry for my misbehaviour. It was a stupid and selfish thing to do and I apologise from the bottom of my heart. I accept that my punishment was entirely merited and I promise that I’ll never do anything like it again.”

Judith accepted the basis of the apology, that at least was correct. There was still something not quite right about the tone of it.

“She’s saying the right words,” said Judith before she could stop herself, “but they sound insincere to me. I hope nobody else minds me saying that?”

The man in the grey suit nodded. “Go on.”

“She doesn’t seem to understand the audience yet. She’s saying the words that she thinks we want to hear, but the tone is not humble enough in my opinion. The girl still retains some vestige of pride despite her words.”

The panel murmured approval again.

“She needs to perform for *us* now. Let’s try that apology again, but let’s make sure that she really means it? Let us and the audience see what her obedience looks like.”

The psychology graduate scribbled a note. “Emotional transference. Very useful.”

“Exactly,” Judith said.

The Ministry official ticked a box and then leaned forward slightly into his speaker.

“We would like to hear that apology again but this time with feeling.”

Judith nodded self-righteously.

“That would be most instructive,” she said. “The girl needs to know that she’s being watched and judged.”

“I’m very sorry for my misbehaviour. It was a stupid and selfish thing to do and I apologise from the bottom of my heart. I accept that my punishment was entirely merited and I promise that I’ll never do anything like it again.”

The watchers could tell that Sariah was making more of an effort.

“I would like to hear the word “humbly” before apologise, please.” Said Judith.

There was a distinct sound of sobbing before the girl eventually complied.

“That sounded better,” said one of the retirees, “like she actually meant it rather than just saying the words.”

“Yes I agree,” said Judith, “the problem is that this one seems to have learned to say what she thinks what she wants us to hear rather than what she truly believes. And I think that comes across on the Grey Channel as well.”

“It’s true, and you’ll find that a lot of her kind are well used to lying and dissimulating.” Said the other retiree with a little shake of his head.

The official nodded his head briefly and the psychologist wrote something on her pad.

“Do we agree that her apology for her behaviour was acceptable?” Asked Judith.

The group agreed that indeed, it was much better.

“So let’s move forward with the girl’s acknowledgement of her correction shall we? My original impression was that she deliberately withheld her thanks to the officer who caned her. Although clearly I could be wrong.”

Although clearly she wasn’t. Judith had rewound and re-watched that particular little scene several times and although it wasn’t crystal clear what Sariah’s intention actually was, there were certainly grounds for imagining that she’d withheld her thanks on purpose. And, as far as Judith was concerned anyway, that would do. The panel consulted among itself, Judith didn’t contribute, she’d already made her position clear.

Chapter 11

To surmise that The Grey Channel and Francesca Dowd were pleased with Judith's appearance on that brief segment was an understatement. The comment section that went out with the edited versions to the Tier 1's was full of positives regarding her contribution, her appearance and her "basic common sense". The segment itself was very popular, people commented on the "intimacy" of it as if Sariah Syed was having her trial in real time rather than being heavily edited but also about Judith's imposing appearance and her sensible pronouncements.

To clear up any confusion, Sariah had been caned again while lying over the low stool with her legs extended and her shorts pulled down to her knees. Each of the two officers had given her five strokes with the medium cane while a photographer hastily videoed the scene for the edification of The Grey Channel's discerning viewers. Then once she was almost hysterical she'd been thrust back up to her knees and required to thank both of them, Miss Keeley and Miss Davina and thank them both sincerely for caning her soft buttocks.

In the editing suite in the Grey Channel, Damian set back with a beer and watched his creation come to life. It was pretty damn good even though he said so himself. The raw material had been good of course, the woman what's her name...Mrs Martin had been a bit of a find. Making the cadet take another caning "just to clear the matter up" had been inspirational.

The close-ups of the pretty brown girl having her bottom striped by those two aggressive bitches had even stirred Damian and he was understandably fairly jaded. And then back on her knees thanking her tormentors, actually thanking them for beating her backside black and blue. Wow, it was if the old woman had an intuitive gift as to what made good television!

At the same time his boss Francesca was watching the scene back with her own personal cadet lodged between her muscular thighs licking her towards a large unstoppable climax. That had been a stroke of brilliance on her part she couldn't help but think. The Martin woman, Judith had been unexpectedly excellent. Her ideas were top class and it had been filmed and edited in such a way as to suggest that the ideas had been acted upon immediately. Francesca had even received a memo from her normally imperturbable boss, Mark Grey congratulating her on her choices.

That particular segment with Judith Martin had been n the most watched and the most commented on not only that day, but that week! Francesca's racing brain was paused slightly by the first fluttering of an incipient orgasm. As she tensed and then relaxed, her mind made the obvious connection. Mrs Martin need to be more involved in future episodes. What was the best way to do that? As she grabbed the dark hair of her own personal cadet and shrieked uninhibitedly at the joyous climax, the obvious answer struck her.

"Dear Citizen Judith Martin,

Your engagement with The Grey Channel following yesterday's successful broadcast has been reviewed once again by my department. Your insights and feedback have contributed meaningfully to the message we are trying to project. As a result we are pleased to announce that you will be rewarded by a grateful State by having a cadet of your choice brought to stay with you under your guidance and control.

Clearly this is entirely voluntarily on your part and if the idea doesn't fit with your present, personal situation we at the Department would quite understand. Whichever direction you choose may I please ask you to keep this conversation confidential? I look forward to receiving your reply at your earliest convenience.

Faithfully,

Ms F Dowd."

This time the message was on personalised notepaper as opposed to the anonymity of an email. Judith smiled and folded the letter into three; her seemingly outrageous plan was slowly coming to fruition. She

walked calmly to her writing desk, put the letter away tidily and took out her best paper and fountain pen. It was so nice to be appreciated, for her experience to be truly valued.

Once she'd replied to Ms Dowd's letter, accepting her offer of course, she signed into her Grey Channel account and calmly read through the comments. If she had her way, and she most probably would, Nanny4NG would soon become one of the most recognisable accounts on the whole of the channel. That, as she understood it, was developing her brand recognition. She smiled at the idea and said the words out loud in her neat, quiet little cottage. They sounded good in her own ears. Her brand recognition! She, Judith Martin was about to become a brand.

She spent the next couple of hours slowly scrolling through just some of the huge number of cadets available to her. She could have almost anyone assigned to her because most cadets lived in shared dormitories rather than be housed in private houses. Judith didn't want anyone that had already lived with someone. She wanted whichever cadet that she chose to be new to the experience.

In that way Judith could set her own rules and regulations without any expectation on behalf of the cadet, a clean slate, someone she could discipline and mould. Just the idea of the word "discipline" made Judith squeeze her stockinged thighs together. Because discipline was very much at the front of her mind. She made a not on her pad, some sort of a leather strap maybe or a paddle and definitely a cane. Nothing too serious at first. Something to inflict humiliation on the recipient rather than pain...at least for the first few weeks.

She'd need to prepare a bedroom, she had a bedroom spare but what was wrong with the cupboard under the stairs? All she used that for at the moment was to store rubbish. A good clear out was what was needed, and then a thorough clean and dust. Although why would she need to scrub anything, thought Judith as she tapped her pen against her teeth. She had an extra pair of hands in the house to do that sort of thing for her now. She'd need some sort of small camp bed presumably, a little fold up thing to put aside when the girl wasn't using it, a couple of blankets perhaps and a pillow?

And what about her neat cadet uniform, did the State buy that sort of thing? And if not how many more panties or shirts for example would she need to buy for her girl? Money wasn't a particular issue for Judith; she'd always lived frugally and made her income stretch. After all she wouldn't be wasting her own money on fripperies for the girl and she certainly wasn't intending on spending twice as much money on food as she spent on herself at present. But planning like this was such a novelty, she'd never married or had children and she'd always been happy with her own company. But that she realised with a little shock of excitement was all about to end pretty soon.

Chapter 12

“Renwick!! Here boy! Double, double, double!!!” Shrieked the woman as if she was having some sort of mental fit. Before he had been interned in this terrible place Neil Renwick might have smiled at the sheer furious rage Miss Appleby had managed to work herself into. Had it been a sketch show or a comedy he might have laughed at the irrationality of her behaviour, but here in His Majesty’s Prison Grunwick laughter was the last thing on his mind.

Grunwick wasn’t a comedy or even a fantasy; it was hard, physical truth. He’d been interned for 3 months now and there was simply no getting used to the place. It was a prison, but not an ordinary one. It was a prison for men like him, political prisoners consigned to this hell hole on the whim of the vile, fascist government that he hated. Every waking moment was terrifying. The staff were all women and all sadistic man-haters. They carried canes and leather straps and were most enthusiastic about using them; barely a day went by without Neil being beaten for some real but usually some imaginary infraction of the rules.

And there were many rules to break. The institution ran on rules and regulations. There was a prescribed time and or position for each and everything that happened and Grunwick. They were all woken, dressed and out of bed before 6am. They all wore the same style of too-tight t-shirt, miniscule shorts and plain, basic black plimsolls. There were no exception, no matter how ridiculous or impractical that arrangement was. Fat men were simply put on a crash diet until the largest available shirt fitted their outsize frames.

They ate at a certain time and the pissed and shit at certain times too. It was a dystopian nightmare, something that he’d read about and barely believed in the past but now it had become all too horribly true, He and some of the people he knew...or at least used to know had warned about this. They’d written anguished letters to their local newspapers and predicted what was going to happen via their social media accounts. But now that it was in full swing Neil could barely believe....

“Renwick!! Here boy! Double, double, double!!!”

The sheer volume of noise jerked him out of his reverie, he had been staring out across the concrete yard, the only available view from the classroom they were currently sat in, drab and utterly soulless but still better than listen to the horrible woman at the front droning on about “Civics” in her uneducated, brainless way.

Hurriedly he pulled himself together, extracted himself from his tiny, junior school desk and made his way to the front of the class room as fast as he could without actually running. That, he had learned very painfully in the past, was the reaction the staff expected whenever they used the word “double.” Miss Appleby leaned forward and slapped him across the face, stunning him for a second. Then she grabbed his ear and shook him violently by it.

“Caught you daydreaming again haven’t I you pathetic little worm?”

She shook him again, twisting and tearing at his ear as if she was trying to remove it from his head.

“I’m sorry, Miss. It won’t happen again Miss,” Neil managed to stutter.

She let go of his ear but only to slap his other cheek with equal if not greater venom.

“That’s what you always say, Renwick, but you never seem to learn your lesson, do you boy?” She demanded her hands on her hips and her not inconsiderable bosom thrust arrogantly into his face. Her hair was an attractive chestnut brown in colour but it was tied into a stiff little braid that hung in a curiously intimidating way. She wore a black uniform jacket and a knee length black skirt, stockings and heels. Underneath she was wearing a very crisp, very white shirt and a tightly knotted black tie.

She may have looked like the masochist’s dream but to Neil Renwick she was all his authoritarian nightmares come true. And for some reason she appeared to have taken an immediate and very personal dislike to him. Although by now he’d discovered why. She knew that he’d been a teacher and he’d discovered that she hated school. It was hard to imagine Officer Appleby as the sharpest tool in the box and undoubtedly she’d probably suffered at the hands of her various teachers. But that was hardly his fault, surely?

He gasped as she grabbed him by the hair and hauled him over her wooden desk.

“The rest of you traitorous scum get on with your work. I’ going to deal with this boy right now.”

The rest of the inmates got on with their work as instructed. He knew they wouldn’t have any sympathy for him, They’d just be relieved that it was him suffering the mad woman’s wrath rather than them, as indeed he would have been if it wasn’t him personally who was about to suffer. Appleby always caned and today was apparently not going to be any different. He could see her unhook one of her evil canes from its resting place on the corner of the desk. He heard the rattle as she picked it up and braced himself.

Without any warning there was a hiss and a rush of wind the lengthy piece of rattan hit his buttocks with incredible force. He shrieked, partly with shock but then the pain began to radiate. Even before the full burning pain could be experienced the second stroke caught him just below the first eliciting another agonised yelp. And then the third, slightly above the first one this time made him squirm almost down to his knees. Although he knew, very much to his cost, the penalties for letting go of the desk were draconian to say the least he was sorely tempted to rub frantically at his own wealed backside.

Crraaack!

Oh Christ! How many was she going to give him just for glancing out of the window?

Quite by coincidence and less that 10 miles away, Neil’s pretty wife, Julia, was also being held over a desk but in her case it was so that the prison governor could insert his rigid cock inside her, grunting and snuffling in her ear like a lascivious old pig rooting for truffles. Mr Craven, in direct contrast to Miss Appleby had taken an immediate liking to Julia Renwick. She was pretty, middle-class and well spoken unlike so many of the riff-raff he was used to dealing with.

She also blushed very prettily whenever he took hold of her breasts or stroked her and she cried piteously whenever he disciplined her. She was also, as far as he knew, entirely innocent of any crime which made the whole process of dealing with her all the sweeter somehow. She was one of those people who had been sent to him as a warning to others. She had committed the sin of being the wife of a known traitor and was being made to pay the price for that.

He grunted again as he thrust inside her tight little hole. She had started to cry again at his physical invasion of her which he found exciting in the extreme. Once he’d finished with her he’d place her on her knees and then make her look up at him while she licked and cleaned his cock for him. And then as an aperitif, he may well leather her arrogant middle class backside for her and then make her go and stand weeping in the corner of his office. He felt his penis twitch at the idea and was almost ready to unload himself inside her.

And as thrilling as this was, the true reward was even better. Julia Renwick had been used as a sort of sounding board, a guinea pig to test an idea pitched to him by someone from the Grey Channel supported by a woman from the Ministry. The idea was quite simple; the Grey Channel wanted to expand its operations into the prison sector. Not the entire sector, which would be unduly intrusive and almost certainly unpopular with the British viewing public. No, what the corporation wanted was to follow the partners of those arrested for anti-government behaviour to see how they were dealt with by the prison services.

The logic was hard to argue with. The Grey Channel already existed to track the fortunes of the offspring of the traitorous scum that had so damaged the country, and the viewing figures had been huge. So why not just extend that to take in the wives or husbands or even the partners of political criminals so that the citizens could see how the State dealt with them and to make sure that their taxes were being well spent? It was a win-win, criminals being punished and more importantly being seen to be punished by the State as a warning to other potential trouble makers.

Craven thrust in and out more rapidly, beneath him Julia Renwick cried and squirmed but he had a firm grip on her hair. As a reward apparently his prison was to be the first to start admitting political prisoners, a crumbling old wing was being refurbished at that very minute. Which meant that before too long...his tongue lolled out of the side of his mouth...before too long he’d be in charge of...he felt himself stiffen...in charge of a whole new contingent of prisoners...with which...with which....he’d reached the point of no return. He relaxed and then spurted his seed inside her. With which he could do whatever the fuck he wanted just so long as the Grey Channel had exclusive rights to the images that were produced.

Chapter 13

“Frank Mortimer wants you to go and work for him.”

Isla Sinclair felt her stomach turn to water as she heard her boss tell her the unwelcome news. Frank Mortimer was an arrogant, sadistic old bastard. She hated his leering suggestive looks and his creepy mannerisms. She'd seen his erections under his smart suit pants as he watched those girls on the screen. Isla didn't want to be a hypocrite, she enjoyed seeing traitors and their families being punished just as much as the next woman and the Grey Corporation was her employer.

But in her opinion there was difference between the sort of quiet satisfaction that she and her friends took when they watched arrogant young women being put in their place, and the outright sadistic pleasure that people like Sinclair enjoyed. As far as she was concerned, people like Mark Grey were entrepreneurs not voyeurs. He made lots and lots of money from a business idea that people clearly wanted to invest in. Frank Mortimer on the other hand was a cruel pervert. And now he wanted her to work for him!

She bit her lip as she looked at Mark and tried not to cry. She knew how these things worked unfortunately. Mortimer had probably offered to invest more money into the Grey Channel and he wanted a little favour in return. The problem was that favour was going to be her. She could resign of course, right here and now, but that wasn't really feasible. She needed her job and the decent salary that it paid. Also, working for someone as high profile as Mark Grey meant that she was relatively safe from predators like Frank Mortimer. If she left she'd have no such protection and she was under no illusions about the power and reach of powerful, wealthy men like him.

For a second there was silence. Isla could feel herself tense even further. She felt almost faint with anxiety.

“But don't worry, I told him that you were an integral part of my management team and therefore you weren't for sale. In fact I was just about to offer you a pay rise due to your sterling efforts.”

Isla could feel the tears sliding down her cheeks. Thank God for that. She took out a handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes.

“I...I'm sorry about this...It's just...”

“I know, I know...there's no need to tell me. He's a horrible old bastard isn't he?”

Isla nodded mutely and started to cry again. Mark stepped forward and hugged her. She hugged him back.

“I don't know how to thank you Mark...I mean working for him!”

“Shh, don't worry, I'll think of something,” he whispered cupping both the blonde's buttock cheeks through her thin, stylish summer dress

Mark watched her bottom wriggle as she left his office. She'd dried her eyes, swiftly reapplied her make-up and tidied herself up. She was now beholding to him and that's how he liked his employees to be. He made a note to himself regarding her suitability for a particular ongoing project that he had in mind. He hadn't been quite truthful with her if he was being honest.

Frank had made a joke about taking her off his hands but both of them knew that she belonged to Mark. Making sure that he held on to her was just a power play on his part. Although being a wily sort of a businessman and the winner of thousands of deals in his time, Frank expected to be given some sort of consolation prize for not pressing the point regarding Mark's PA.

Mark knew that of course and had come prepared. He'd pulled a few strings and spoken to the right people and had managed to get Camilla Hyde-White assigned to the tender care of Mr Frank Mortimer. When he gave the good news to the man Mark could tell that despite his regulation poker face and calm exterior, Mortimer was absolutely bubbling inside. Mark knew the history between the two families, how the Hyde-Whites had tried to ruin Mortimer over a deal some years back and how the Hyde-White daughters, particularly Camilla liked to mock him on social media pointing out the fact that he was a nasty, ugly cruel man. She was correct of course, but that was hardly the point.

He was all of those things and more, Mark knew very well which scenes from the archives to entertain him with. He was however rich, powerful and well-connected and he had supported the Grey Channel

through thick and thin and that was more important to a businessman like Mark than the thoughts and actions of a silly little airhead like Camilla Hyde-White. Now Mortimer, like Isla would owe him and that's the way that Mark liked it to be. And there was no doubt that some day for whatever reason he would call in both those debts.

But for now Mark contented himself with opening his own private file which among many interesting items contained his most recent viewing, that of Camilla Hyde-White being delivered to Mortimer's country mansion. It was most entertaining. For some reason she'd got it into her dim head that she was going to be released and was pictured in the back of a car with her entitled arrogant face tear-stained but happy. The look when she realised that her destination was Mortimer's house rather than her own was a pleasure to behold. Enough of a pleasure so that Mark could rewind and review it several times.

But, even better, when she reached the outside of the house she was dragged unceremoniously from the car by someone who may have been a housekeeper and up a flight of stairs into the main house weeping and struggling. She was no match for the physically imposing black woman who simply dragged her through the house before placing her over a chair and applying a thick, black leather strap to her wildly gyrating backside enclosed as it was in its regulation skin tight gray shorts.

The thwack of the belt and Camilla's increasingly frantic struggles not to mention her high-pitched screaming were a pleasure to behold, Mark gently rubbed himself through the fabric of his own dark slacks before glancing at his watch and realising he had a meeting in five minutes. With a conscious effort he turned off the entertainment and gathered his thoughts. There was still thirty minutes of the video left. He promised himself that he'd watch the rest tonight with a good bottle of wine. After all, he he'd just enjoyed a very productive day's work and it was the least he deserved.

Chapter 14

Judith watched from the doorway as her new girl sat at her small desk writing and once again congratulated herself on her choice. She was a pretty little thing; there was no doubt about that. That was one criterion that Judith had insisted on. Good looking, pretty girls were often the most proud and arrogant, two traits that Judith was complete unwilling to tolerate, especially in the 20 year old daughter of two convicted criminals. Although to be fair Madeleine didn't look particularly proud or arrogant at that particular minute.

She was dressed in her cadet uniform which of course was appropriate because that's what she was. A little older than some of them that Judith had perused enthusiastically for a couple of days, but a cadet, nevertheless. Judith hoped that her added years, she was 22 now, almost 23 would give her that little bit of backbone that Judith was after. After all, what was the point of publicly breaking someone who was already broken by the system?

Madeleine had only been a cadet for three weeks but, as Judith herself had witnessed, they had been a particularly hard three weeks. Being a drudge on a farm somewhere up in the northern wilderness couldn't have been much fun. Nevertheless once she'd added Madeleine Renwick's name to her list of possibles she'd followed the young woman's cadet career with growing interest. Although she'd been beaten and manhandled on several occasions she still carried herself with a certain amount of pride that Judith resented but also regarded with a certain amount of reluctant admiration.

And that's what had swung it in the end. Granted her physical attributes had been what Judith was looking for, tall, red-haired and buxom. Her father was at last semi famous as far as the Grey Channel was concerned, which was a bonus because it meant that everyone interested in that traitorous swine would also be interested in his attractive daughter. But it was her spirit that had captured Judith's attention. She was brave and resilient, which meant someone was going to have to work hard to tame her. Which was just the challenge Judith had been looking for.

Madeleine had been deposited at the cottage just a couple of days ago and Judith had wasted very little time in explaining the new regime to her. She was to keep her cadet uniform, Judith quite liked her black and gold tie, and it was to be regularly checked for cleanliness and neatness. She was to be up early to help around the house and run errands as and when required. She was to behave herself and not step out of line in any way. And to reinforce that lesson, Judith made her bend over the arm of her sofa and took a small, oval leather paddle to her plump backside.

To say she found it thrilling would have been quite the understatement. The leather paddle bounced off Madeleine's drum tight grey shorts with a very satisfying crack. The girl herself kicked her legs in pain and sobbed but didn't disgrace herself by crying out loud. When she was ordered to her feet, she held both her hands to her bottom and tried to blink away the tears as Judith lectured her. That, she explained, wasn't for anything in particular, just a warning. But Madeleine could look forward to having her backside warmed on a regular basis if she was silly or naughty in any way.

Judith deliberately kept the terms nice and vague so that the two words could be stretched to mean anything that she didn't approve of. Even in her flushed, tearful state, Judith could tell that Madeleine wasn't beaten. So that was the right time to explain carefully to the girl that any particularly bad behavior such as questioning an order or command given to her would mean an immediate return to the farm in the north. Judith could see by Madeleine's reaction that she had touched a nerve. Clearly that's what she feared above everything else and that's what Judith tucked away for future reference.

So now here she was in Judith's spare bedroom that she'd decked out like a small classroom. Immaculate in her uniform she was busily writing out lines. To Judith's pleasure she looked exactly like a contrite 22 year old schoolgirl. It wasn't the first time the room had been used. Madeleine had been given a thorough introduction on her first day, the slightly too small wooden desk and chair, the wall maps, the inspiring New Government quotes, the teacher's desk much larger than hers and of course, hanging from hooks on the teacher's desk, a long thin cane and the leather paddle.

That's where the tools of retribution were kept although they could be used anywhere in the house. Before organising her set up Judith had lain on her own bed gently masturbating to the words "go and fetch your cane from the school room". The idea that the miscreant would actually possess her own cane or paddle or whatever was really quite exciting. And even more so now that the scenes swirling around in her head had actually been brought to fruition.

For example, she'd taken down Madeleine's shorts earlier that afternoon baring her bottom, (Madeleine wasn't allowed underwear under her brief shorts, Judith thought they spoiled the look) and then taking the sobbing girl over her knee and really giving her something to cry about. Twenty or thirty or so very solid meaty whacks from her deceptively innocent looking paddle had quickly changed the colour of Madeleine's bottom from a pale white one to a bruised and purpling ruby-red one.

Then she'd been instructed the tight shorts back up and over her swollen backside before being directed to her solid wooden chair. Madeleine knew better than to squirm or complain but clearly her bottom must have been sore because she winced slightly as she sat. Judith caught the look but decided to let it pass...for now anyway. She had been half-tempted to restart the paddling from scratch but unfortunately she had chores of her own to complete. Instead she contented herself with making the girl write out 100 times.

"I must be an obedient girl for my betters and show true gratitude whenever necessary."

Judith turned and left her to it, although of course she still kept the girl under surveillance. She made herself comfortable in the kitchen and opened her laptop. It was new, better and faster than her old one. It had been provided free of charge by the Grey Channel and delivered just before Madeleine herself. Judith pressed the key which opened her bank of CCTV cameras. They were new as well, also gifted to her courtesy of the Grey Channel. There were a dozen of them spread throughout her cottage.

Most of the rooms had two cameras at least. The only two rooms which weren't covered by the cameras all-seeing eyes were her bedroom and her bathroom. There was even an infra-red one in the cupboard under the stairs which now served as Madeleine's sleeping quarters. Although she slept there, bedroom would have been too strong a word. There was a low camp bed, two blankets and one pillow and nothing at all apart from a small, lightweight cane that hung on the wooden door and rattled disconcertingly whenever it was open or closed.

Judith often used the small cane as it was known for routine rather than formal punishments, an improperly knotted tie, for example or socks that had slipped down Madeleine's ankles. The advantage of the small cane was although it made a nice whistling sound and created quite a large crack as it landed, it was essentially lightweight, didn't particularly mark the skin and (presumably) didn't sting too much. In other words it could be used more regularly and was more for Judith's own amusement than anything else.

She chose the number 7, the one that opened the camera trained on Madeleine's little desk. It was embedded in the wall on her right side so it took in the desk and the girl in profile, handy for checking her posture and also for confirming whether or not she had both feet flat on the wooden floor as instructed. Judith pressed number 6 and the image jumped to a head on shot taken by the camera above the door. Judith watched that for a while making sure that her girl as thoroughly concentrating on her chore rather than daydreaming which, Judith had discovered, she was apt to do.

Then she pressed 6 and 7 simultaneously which brought up a split-screen shot of both images at the same time. She minimized that and then got to work curating her own, brand-new channel. It was called Nanny4NG-Cam and looking after it was a full time job in itself. Judith had seldom been as busy. She had almost ten times as many followers now as she did before Madeleine Renwick arrived in her life, ten times as many comments and ten times as much praise as she used to get. And on top of that, the Grey Channel was paying her for her content.

She was making more money now than she had made at any time in her life, and all she was doing was something that she would have done for nothing, or maybe even paid for the privilege. Her philosophy regarding the upbringing and development of troublesome young women and the sort of community that she wanted to live in was happening right in front of her eyes and she, Judith Martin was helping to make it happen. From the corner of her eye she saw Madeleine's tongue peek out from between her lips in

concentration. She smiled at the image, soon in the privacy of her bedroom she'd be putting that particular naughty little tongue to a much more...rewarding use.

Chapter 15

Damian McCarthy realised he was beginning to fall in love with Madeleine Renwick. Not in the conventional boy meets girl sort of love, although she was very attractive and just his type. But in a “she makes my job very much easier” way. She made such great television that Damian was absolutely spoiled for choice. Firstly her back story was great. Her father, Neil Renwick had been semi-famous for a while for being the “treasonous teacher” as the Grey Channel had dubbed him. His name still sparked a certain amount of interest.

Secondly Madeleine herself was decidedly sexy, tall, red-haired, pretty and the possessor of a great pair of tits as well as a nicely rounded arse. She had the precise middle-class tones that marked her out as a daughter of the previous ruling classes. And third, she lived with Judith Martin. Like most employees, Damian didn’t have a particularly high regard for his immediate boss, but he was forced to admit that this time Francesca had really done some sterling work.

It was Francesca who had seen that first reel from St Anselm’s regarding Neil Renwick and it was she who had alerted Connor to it. The one that proved Renwick was anti government. And then it was also Francesca who had identified Judith Martin as a possible collaborator with the Grey Channel, and that had played out wonderfully well. The show that she was on, the one with that Paki girl, Syed was one of the most popular of that month. That sort of metric always caught the attention of someone like Francesca and she’d been proven correct in her assessment.

Judith Martin’s reward had been to choose a cadet for her own use and, quite brilliantly in Damian’s estimation, she’d chosen Madeleine Renwick. Before she was delivered, Damian and the technicians worked out how many cameras they would need and where to put them. The old woman had been most accommodating even keeping them regularly supplied with coffee and home-made cakes. On the outside she seemed a completely normal person, like someone’s pleasant old grandma.

But on the inside she was more reactionary than most New Government ministers. Damian had seen all her messages and comments on her Nanny4NG blog and some of it was quite chilling. She was a thoroughly committed member of the New Government and had been almost since the day the Party was founded. She was a true patriot with all that suggested and once he had seen the first view films and images from her house, he was more than pleased that Madeleine was her lodger rather than him.

That first paddling that she’d delivered had been breathtaking in more ways than one. Sometimes it took people a while to come to terms with having what in effect was a Victorian skivvy at their beck and call but Judith it seemed was willing and more than ready to ignore that potential difficulty. After her initial uniform inspection and her lecture regarding her place in the Martin household, Mrs Martin had simply placed Madeleine over the conveniently shaped arm of her sofa and delivered an absolute thrashing with what seemed like all the power of her arm.

Even Damian who personally witnessed half a dozen such beatings a day was impressed by the short but intense ferocity of the assault on Madeleine Renwick’s plump, attractive backside. The girl howled and had to be held in place with a firm grip on the back of her neck. And she cried so beautifully! That was another distinct plus point as far as Damian was concerned. He knew that a lot of people didn’t care either way but he loved to see tears on a pretty girl’s flushed face. Her face screwed up, the tears glistening on her cheeks, the look of shocked surprise.

And as he was making the edit for the evening’s action, that was what his viewers were going to see. Judging by the replies and the comments that the Grey Channel received, and especially those on Judith’s new channel, people seemed to like his work. Mark Grey himself had come down to Damian’s office and offered his congratulations on one particular episode where Madeleine had been called to the blackboard and made to go through a maths problem that she obviously didn’t understand line by humiliating line and having her bottom slapped for every mistake that she made.

At least that was the Tier 1 version, suitable for mass consumption. It was more humiliating than painful and several of the comments were along the lines of the “nice, but she should have had them shorts taken down” variety. Damian had cut the scene. The Tier 2 offering showed the scene as it actually

developed. Madeleine was made to pull her shorts down to her ankles to reveal her bare, pink buttocks. Then she was sent to hobble humiliatingly to the teacher's desk to "fetch the cane" as she'd been instructed and hand it humbly, head down to Judith Martin.

Then, whenever she got a question wrong, incidents of which were becoming alarmingly frequent, she was made to bend and put her hands on her knees and then thrust out her bare bottom as far as it would go before Judith striped it for her with one brisk strike of the cane. Damian had organised the two cameras so that one pointed at Madeleine's lovely backside while the other was near enough to catch the tears dribbling down her cheeks. It was such a beautiful scene and easily won that evening's vote for the best clip of the day.

It was quite amazing thought Damian that an elderly woman seemed to know instinctively what would and what wouldn't make good TV. Presumably she'd never been on any sort of media course but the Madeleine spanking and then caning was a perfect example of how to split essentially the same content over two different tiers. There was no need to shoot two completely different scenes at a proportionally higher cost to the company. It was a win-win and he was in on the ground floor.

On the floor above his office, almost directly above his office in fact, Francesca was clicking through the many emails that she'd received congratulating her on the latest Madeleine Renwick series. She already knew that it was one of the best performing segments on the channel right now. Maddy was already acquiring quite the little fan club which, because most of her videos would be placed in the Tier 2 collection meant a substantial boost in profits as people followed the everyday adventures of their red-haired darling.

Best of all though was the email from Mark Grey congratulating her personally and inviting her to a meeting in his penthouse office on the following Monday morning. He'd even signed off with "have a great weekend" which as far as she knew was unprecedented as far as he was concerned. She lay back and put her feet up before re-winding the latest Madeleine episode to examine it more closely, purely from a professional point of view of course.

Mark Grey was coincidentally also enjoying the latest Maddy episode, even more so than his employee. Between his legs knelt his former ice-queen secretary Isla Sinclair energetically giving him head while he tried valiantly to focus on the screen in front of him. She was still his secretary of course, she really was too good to lose, but she didn't seem quite so stuck up and full of herself these days. In fact she had clumsily offered to "blow" him as if she'd only just heard of the term. Her blushing cheeks and naive enthusiasm more than made up for her lack of skill. And he had no doubt that she'd improve with practise.

The End